

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuck Em All"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac (singers):]

You a what? Bad Boy Killaz
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Hahaha, yeah, nigga, fuck 'em all!
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Fuck all you muthafuckers!
Ayo, Biggie, put your hands up!

[2Pac:]

Now, I can make it happen
My rappin' is similar to mothafuckers when they scrappin'
Blast and watch 'em back up
Notorious Biggie killer, affiliation with Death Row
Niggas get their caps pealed back, fool, this the West Coast
Bitch, you misdemeanor, I'm raisin' hell like felonies
Mr. Makaveli straight outta jail to sellin' these
Intoxicated, we duplicated but never faded
Now that we made it my adversaries is player hatin'
Got a Mercedes for these tricks, that thought I quit
Then got a drop top jag for these bitches that's on my dick
Go to a club in a pack, I'm smokin' bud in the back
I wait for niggas to trip 'cause, bitch, I love to scrap
Mama raised me as a thug nigga, with love niggas
I'm a millionaire started as a drug dealer
I went from rocks to zines, writin' raps and movies
I went from trustin' these tricks
Now they all want to sue me, so fuck 'em all!

[Young Noble (singers):]

(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Come put your hands up in the air!
It's a middle finger affair, yeah
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)

[Kadafi:]

Now, could you picture my criminal status at its fuckin' peak?
Even the baddest be gettin' murdered in they seats
I'm addicted to these streets, like crack is to these creeps
Seein' visions of a prison, wake up screamin' in my sleep
Is there a heaven in this hell? A possibility of livin' well?
But if they killin' me, I get my stripes and whose to tell
Choosin' to sell, I'd rather die and be deceased
World mob figure addicted to these fuckin' streets

[E.D.I.:]

Now, put your muthafuckin' hands up if you's a rider (Ride)
Niggas ain't killers so they hidin' (Why?)
Fuck 'em all, touch 'em all; that's the way that we do it
Ride up, hop the fuck out, watch that bitch nigga lose it

Man, I'm as strong as this game, ya'll be knowin' my name
A young high strung thug nigga created by pain
Livin' my life in the fast lane, gettin' fucked by the past
Got my mind on my cash
And my next piece of ass, so fuck 'em all!

[*Young Noble (singers):*]
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Come put your hands up in the air!
It's a middle finger affair, yeah
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
I do my dirt all by my lonely
Don't need no phony homie to call me
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Back off, I hit at everyone of you homies
So don't get comfortable, I'm runnin' you
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Nigga, we Outlaw riders
Don't give a fuck if you love us, we thuggin'

[*2Pac:*]
I got glad bags with enemies, cut up so they remember me
Soaked up in Hennessy, so they relatives know it's me
You can bet your last dollar, I'll dick 'em and holla
Ridin' these hoochies like they some heavy ass Chevy impalas
Jump up and get your ass shot up
For my profit pick my Glock up
I'm bustin' with self-defense, you see
Poppin' nobody got 'em, holla
Outlaw riders, mash up on the gas pedal
Vacate the scene, count the cash and stash the precious metal
Here come the coppers, the S.W.A.T. team and the helicopters
Them crackers is crazy, why? 'Cause they'll never stop us
I watched Arnold Schwarzenegger bust somebody in a movie
Now I want to do it too, ooh, ooh
Niggas is too through, true to the game
I claim Outlaw riders, we give a fuck what they try, I'm...

[*Young Noble:*]
'Cause Young Noble behind it
Can you picture me stickin' niggas for they watch and chain?
Kick back, lil' nigga, and watch the game
Get your mob rocked and what-not
We keep it poppin', like a drug spot
The streets know what's hot, trust me

[*Napoleon:*]
Even my hood call me "baby Malcolm X"
With the TEC's, shower some slugs on 'em
I've got a brother, don't rest and he keeps some drugs on him
Always in grind mood, hustle to find food
Ever seen Faces of Death? That's what my 9 do

[*Kastro:*]
I keep my mind on my money, and my money on my mind
With my back against the wall, like I'm runnin' outta time

Even rap with a gat, I must be goin' out my mind
Like I'm up against the world, this guerrilla team of mine
Screamin', "Thug Life, bitch, fuck 'em all!" and die for 'em
Even if the last nigga left I'ma ride for 'em
Feel me? Until they kill me, that's how I'm rollin'
"Fuck 'em all, let them die!" – that's my slogan; fuck 'em all!

[Young Noble (singers):]
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